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The Use of Slow Piano Practice.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

In the following paragraphs it is very likely I may repeat some of the ideas in my piece on "Mental action in piano-playing" published in this Journal (p. 50, vol. xxiv, I think); but how many of them I cannot say as I do not happen to be able to lay my hand on that particular number at this time. Whether I do repeat or not, I hope the importance of the subject and the new light thrown on it may prove my justification.

I do not hesitate to say that more than three-fourths of the time spent in piano-practice by players generally is wasted. *How* they waste it would take too long to tell. In many cases they practice unproductive exercises. This, however, does not signify so much as the fact that even these are practiced in a wrong way. For there is scarcely any conceivable exercise which may not be made useful by a good mode of practice. Even a book full of ill-digested and (if I might so say it) un-radical exercises, like Lebhert and Stark's, may be useful to pupils if properly practiced.

Every well-taught piano-player who reads this, is familiar with the injunction oft repeated, to "practice slowly." Plaidy, I hear, used to direct a certain number of times slow and a certain number of times fast, as the rule of practice to be applied to all kinds of passages. Four or five times slow, and four or five times fast, was the rule, I believe, or near enough for our present purpose. Mills, the pianist, makes great account of slow practice, and applies it himself to everything, even to a review of pieces long familiar and many times played in public. Mason makes this principle his "joy and his song," as hundreds of his pupils can testify. Miss Julia Rivé, whose *technique* is acknowledged to be of a superior order, practices everything *very* slowly. With her the slow practice far exceeds the fast. If she plays a passage four times slowly, she will play it fast not more than twice; then comes another turn of slow practice. Such, I suppose, must be Mr. Lang's method, from what I hear of his accuracy and elegance of playing,—and in short such is the method of every great pianist, except perhaps Liszt, who never practices at all.

What is slow practice? For every pianist there are three grades of speed in all passages admitting of rapid playing. They are, first, a very slow rate. So slow, namely, that each motion is fully determined by the will, and there comes the response through the sensory nerves that the motion has been fully performed; *after which* there is a moment of repose before the next motion is ordered. Very slow practice is any rate of speed that admits of this moment of mental repose between the reception of the sense of having played one note, and the act of beginning to play the next.

The second rate is moderate—the rate in which, as soon as the mind becomes conscious that one key has been played, it orders the next, without suffering a moment of repose to intervene. The third rate is that of velocity—a degree of speed in which the will orders a series of acts at once (as, *e. g.*, four octaves of the scale of A, or three octaves of broken chord of C, etc., etc.) and the fingers play them as rapidly as possible, the mind not being conscious of the fact that one key has been played before it orders the next.

Perhaps a little further examination may render this plainer. There are two nerve fibres, the *motor*, and the *sensory*. The motor nerve transmits from the brain or some lower nerve centre an order for the muscle to contract; and it contracts. The sensory nerve transmits impressions from without. These sensory impressions are not always transmitted to the brain, but stop at a lower nerve-centre and are reflected back in the shape of a motor impulse which effects a new muscular adjustment to meet the emergency. Thus if I am kicked, I do not have to wait until I hear of it up in my *sensorium*; but as soon as the spinal chord finds out that such is the fact, it telegraphs to the nearest leg or arm to "answer immediately"—which order I hope my arms and legs may long have the muscle and the grace to obey. Thus it is that in walking or riding, the different muscles adjust themselves unconsciously so as to preserve the equilibrium of the body. Motory and sensory impulses are propagated with different degrees of speed. The motor impulse travels at the rate of about 93 ft. a second; the sensory at the rate of about 149 ft. It is understood, of course, that muscle contracts only in obedience to an order received through the motor fibres of the nerve.

In the case of acts that are completely volitional it appears that each one is separately determined and ordered by the will, and completes itself in consciousness whenever the sensory nerve has returned the information that the act has been performed. Any series of muscular motions may be made habitual, in which case they can be performed while the mind is thinking of something else. The shoemaker lasts his shoe, creases the channel, folds and waxes his thread, sews the seam, rubs down the channel, and so on, while he is busily engaged in conversation, or in a "brown study" on the question of ways and means. The blacksmith heats the iron, hammers and shapes it, all the while carrying on a discussion of politics or theology. His apprentice also heats and hammers his iron while carrying on a base-ball discussion with a mate. He spoils his job, and is cautioned by his master to mind his business and keep his mind on his work next time. So, too, the player goes through a familiar piece unconsciously. The beginner makes a mistake as soon as his mind wanders never so little.

All of these acts, so well performed without thought, have become habits, and no longer require the mind to order each separate detail. The beginners who failed, had not acquired the habit. To a certain extent each worker became a machine. He was merely an automaton—that part of him which made shoes, or shaped the iron, or played the piano, that is to say. The shoemaker was conscious only of the general intention of making shoes, and of having conveyed himself to the bench where were the necessary materials. All of him not engaged in making shoes was asleep or actively engaged in something else. A part of him breathed—also automatically. A part of him circulated the blood—also without his will. A part of him talked and thought theology or politics. A part of him worked away at the contents of his stomach. The *man* really, you see, was not making shoes at all,—that was only automatism, just the same sort of a thing as the heart beating, the lungs breathing, or the stomach churning the victuals, the operation of a machine. All there was of him just then that was really *man*, was the part talking theology—except away down in one corner of his being (like a tooth-ache) his love and anxiety for his poor sick daughter.

Let us attend more closely to these machine-performances. Are they in any way deficient or imperfect? Not at all. Every motion follows in its proper order, beginning only when the previous one has been completed. Unexpected exigencies are met and allowed for with all necessary intelligence.

To such an extent may this machine-like ability be carried that the acts themselves may be conditioned on sense perceptions received through parts of the economy remote from those performing the automatic acts. For example, I have seen a once eminent organist play when so drunk that he was with difficulty seated at the instrument, and when I am very sure he couldn't possibly have distinguished between the "I" and the "not I." He played, of course, from notes. As long as he could keep his eyes open his hands would play whatever his eyes saw. But *he* knew nothing about it.

All piano practice, whatever its nature, has for its object to produce the habit of playing that passage or piece. The only part of playing that is completely volitional and not at all automatic is the melody, whether one means by this merely the air, or the counterpoints. When the melody is played automatically the playing becomes soul-less.

Playing may be poor in respect to its mechanism, or in the player's imperfect consciousness of the music. Ability to *think the music* is the first requisite of an artist. Some persons are extremely obtuse in this respect. Anything beyond the most elementary combinations eludes them. How to develop the musical perceptions I do not now stop to inquire.

At this time I concern myself only with the mechanism. The player must have a great stock of standard passages, embracing all the major and minor scales, the various arpeggios and broken chords, and the usual accompaniment formulas. Each of these must be subject to control by a merely general order of the mind. When one wills to play four octaves of the scale of C, the hand should adjust itself to the white keys and proceed to business, the thumb falling on F and C without further direction. And similarly of every other passage. But how can this come about? Is there some tree off which one can gather these passages already prepared, or the leaves of which one may eat and be brought into so comfortable an ability? Not at all. There is only one way, and that is in pursuance of the following law:

Any series of muscular acts may become automatic by being performed a sufficient number of times in a perfectly correct sequence.

Let the series of motions in question be ten in number. How does the average pupil set about mastering it? Why something like this (x being the unknown quantity, the mistake.)

1st time, (carefully).	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
2d "	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 x
3d "	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 x 10
4th "	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 x 9 10
5th "	1 2 3 4 5 6 x 8 9 10
6th "	1 2 3 4 5 x 7 8 9 10
7th " (carelessly).	1 2 3 4 x 6 7 8 x 10
8th " (very carefully).	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
9th "	1 2 3 x 5 6 7 8 9 x
10th "	1 x 3 4 5 6 7 x 9 10

And so I might go on for pages. The wonder to me is that they ever get a piece near enough right to permit one to recognize it.

Here then we are, at length, able to see the value of slow practice. The necessary number of perfectly infallible performances which form the basis of automatism, can be secured *only* in slow practice. Each one of these three steps must enter into the performance of every single motion in the series. First, the volition to play a certain note. Second, the consciousness of having played it—the sense of having the finger on the key. Third, the moment of repose, in which the mind clearly apprehends the next note to be played. This slow practice may be faster or slower, according to the activity of the player's mind. The beginner must play as slowly as one note a second. The artist may play four or five. I have heard Miss Rivé practice Gustave Schumann's Tarantelle at the rate of about three notes a second, although in the performance it goes at the rate of from eight to twelve notes a second.

The average rate of transmission of the motor and sensory impulses through nerve tissue is about 120 ft. per second, or about 7200 ft. per minute. In automatic performances of the fingers the motions are supposed to be controlled from one of the nerve centres in the spinal column, giving approximately five feet for the travel of the two impulses for every key played. This, supposing the muscles to obey instantly, would give about 1450 notes a minute as the ultimate of velocity, or about 24 notes a second. Any one who will play a scale four octaves in *nines* (going through nine times)

at half this speed will be likely to find the exercise somewhat fatiguing.

Exclusively slow practice will spoil the playing. It takes the life out of the music. It must, then, be alternated with the two other degrees of speed, in the proportion of say six slow, six moderate, and three *fast*, and so on, over and over until one learns the passage. This is not a rule. It is merely an indication of the proportion necessary to be observed in order to secure accuracy without sacrificing the musical quality of the playing. And it is in the almost total neglect of this kind of practice, that pupils in general may find the reason of their poor success.

The Nibelungen Trilogy at Bayreuth.

BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

(From the London Musical Times.)

(Continued from Page 315.)

From this necessary digression I return to the story of the drama. Having completed the poem of "Siegfried's Tod" ("Götterdämmerung.") Wagner, enamored of his subject, and necessitated to show much that else had to be intellectually perceived, took up the earlier life of the hero. From this sprang a second drama, called at first "Jünger Siegfried," and now, as "Siegfried," forming the third section of the great work. There is reason to assume that here the whole scheme of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" dawned upon the author's mind. The force of circumstances carried him, almost despite his will, further and further back to the origin of that which had previously occupied his thoughts, and from the working of this necessity arose "Die Walküre" and "Das Rheingold," connecting ultimate effect with remotest cause. It is not difficult to see in these later dramas—I avoid the word *li-bretti* throughout, especially here, where it would have no business at all—how Wagner had passed completely under the dominion of a theory that the poem ought to make no concession for the sake of musical effect. He had laid out "Götterdämmerung" with a view to the usual mingling of solo and concerted piece (though in setting it to music at a later time he refused the opportunities his own hand had prepared, and crowded the stage with dummies); but its successors became, more and more rigidly, dramas. In "Siegfried" there is not a single chorus, and only a few bars of concerted vocal music. In "Die Walküre" there is one chorus for female voices, and in "Das Rheingold" we have what, elsewhere, would be called a trio. In effect, therefore, the three works just named are "plays," throughout which but a single voice is heard at any given time. Unhappily for those who do not accept Wagner's theories, they are "plays," moreover, in the fulness—should I not say prolixity?—of their dialogue. The poet is wholly regardless of the musician. He will utter everything necessary to the completeness of his poem—and very often a good deal is thought needless—the result being a series of conversations, some of them wearisome repetitions, others abounding in allusions, and based upon ideas which are all very well for a reader who can pause to think, but which, on the stage, and associated with music, are embarrassing. Take, as an example, the interview between Wotan and Erda in the third act of "Siegfried," where 183 lines are devoted chiefly to telling us what we already know, or to references the significance of which by no means lies on the surface. I do not urge this as against the beauty and completeness of the poem, but simply to point it out for consideration as connected with a "drama for music." The question, of course, arises—and a most important one it is—whether a drama for music should so rigidly consult its own separate necessities, and yield nothing to the conditions of its alliance. My own answer, given deliberately after the experience of Bayreuth, is in the negative. It is true that Wagner has so far recognized the demands of music as to identify each scene with some distinct emotion, powerfully expressed; but even this is not enough to save his theory from rejection. In every drama so constructed there must be passages with which music has nothing to do, and the effect of which music, especially when written on the principles hereafter mentioned, simply mars. But the question underlying all is whether Wagner has not hit upon a

fallacy in supposing that he can, from a practical point of view, subordinate music to drama. In theory, his system appears perfect; in reality, I doubt whether it will ever work. The way to test this is for the audience at Bayreuth to ask themselves what part of the compound thing there presented engaged most of their attention. Wagner, as the official mouthpiece of his system, would urge that the mind should have been sensible of nothing but a whole; but that was impossible. The three grand elements—music, poetry, and stage representation—stood separately before every eye, and there can be no doubt as to which was most earnestly regarded; which was most discussed, which contributed before the others to the judgment pronounced. The predominance of music in all these respects might have been foreseen; and was, in fact, inevitable. Associate music and poetry on equal terms you cannot. The more universal, emotional, and powerful art will prevail; and not all the force of twenty Wagners can alter the fact. Wherefore, I contend, that to write a drama with a view to dramatic exigencies alone, and then to ally it with music, must not only result in failure, but is contrary to the very nature of things.

Leaving these general considerations, I approach the particular illustration of his theory with which, in "Der Ring des Nibelungen," Wagner has furnished us. Does it prove that the domain of myth is that wherein the writer of music-drama should look for his subject? The answer is neither an unqualified "Yes" nor an unqualified "No." On the one side, the poet is free, in myth-land, from a number of embarrassments and restrictions which surround him elsewhere. He can, as Wagner has shown, well define and condense the emotion of each particular scene, and he is not bound by historic truth or regard for conventionalities. These are such immense advantages, that I am far from sure whether they do not outweigh anything on the opposite side. But, *per contra*, it may be urged that the more mythical a subject the further does it stand away from the sphere of human interest and emotion. In all ages the greatest dramatists have recognized this cardinal fact. Take Shakespeare and his "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as a conspicuous example. Essentially a fairy drama—the embodiment of a myth—the "Dream" is full of every-day humanity. The Athenian lovers, Bottom and his crew, the Duke and his court, are all so mixed up with Oberon, Titania, and Puck, that we are never sensible of a want of personal sympathy with character and event. But in "Der Ring des Nibelungen" the humanity is, speaking broadly, too faint for a sustained and absorbing interest. Note the subjoined outline of the story running through all four dramas, and say whether it comes very near the heart: The Rhine Daughters guard a golden treasure in the depths of the river. The treasure gives control of the world to its possessor, but can only fall into the hands of one who forswears love. Alberich, a Nibelung, representative of the subterranean powers of evil, fulfils the condition, seizes the gold, and fashions out of it a ring, the embodiment of his acquired might. At this time Wotan (Odin), chief of the upper gods, is in difficulties. He has engaged giants to build him a castle, Walhalla; and not liking to give them the reward agreed upon, descends to the Nibelungs on a raid after the Rheingold and ring. By trickery he wins these, and with them pays the giants, not before Alberich has attached a curse to the ring, the first fruit of which is seen when one giant kills the other in a dispute over the spoil. The survivor carries off the ring, and, in the guise of a dragon, sleeps upon it, too brutish to avail himself of its power. Wotan, desiring to defend Walhalla, allies himself with Erda, the Earth Goddess, by whom he has nine daughters, Walkyries, whose business it is to people the god's abode with the bravest knights slain in battle. Wishing also to obtain the ring, he, by another alliance, raises up a hero, Siegmund, for whose use he destines a sword so buried in the stem of an ash that none other can pull it out. Siegmund meets with his twin sister, Sieglinde, married to Hunding, and though the relationship is discovered, carries her off as his wife. On the interposition of Wotan's wife, Fricka, a subsequent combat between Hunding and Siegmund is made fatal to the seducer, though Brünnhilde, the Walkyrie charged by Wotan to effect this result, disobeys and protects, unavailingly, him whom she should have caused to be destroyed. Wotan himself intervenes, and the god-given sword, Nothung, which Siegmund has drawn from the ash, shivers against the god-held spear which symbolizes Wotan's power. Sieglinde, after the fight, seeks refuge in a forest,

and Brünnhilde is condemned to sleep, surrounded by fire, upon a rock, till a man shall wake her and claim her as his wife. The incestuous union of Siegmund and Sieglinde produces a son, Siegfried; who, on the death of his mother, is reared by Mime, brother of Alberich, in hope of, through his means, winning the ring for himself. Siegfried, by-and-by, discovers his parentage; welds together the pieces of the broken sword, Nothing; kills the dragon-giant; kills also Mime, who attempts treachery; carries off the ring, and by miraculous means, understanding the language of birds, hears from them of the sleeping Brünnhilde. Longing for human sympathy, and not knowing fear, he reaches Brünnhilde's rock, plunges through the fire and wins the maid. But he cannot stay with her always, and sets forth in due time to see the world and seek adventure. Lighting on the Court of King Gunther, he drinks a magic draught brewed by Hagen, son of Alberich, forgets even the existence of Brünnhilde, becomes enamored of Gutrune, Gunther's sister, and to obtain her agrees to win Brünnhilde for the King, who has heard of the sleeping heroine, yet cannot face the fire. Siegfried fulfils his promise in the guise of Gunther, and Brünnhilde is carried off as Gunther's wife. But the treachery is revealed through the ring, which Siegfried, acting for his friend, had wrested from Brünnhilde (who wore it as a love token) and forgotten to hand over to Gunther when they changed places. Full of revenge, the outraged woman reveals to Hagen where Siegfried is vulnerable, and, in the course of a hunting excursion, the Nibelung's son kills the hero. The body is carried to the palace, where Brünnhilde, putting the ring on her finger, leaps into the flames of the funeral pyre. The Rhine overflows the spot, and the Rhine Daughters recover the accursed ornament at the moment that Walhall in flames proclaims the downfall of the reign of force and the advent of that of love. Looking at this wonder-story, with its array of gods, demons, giants, dragons, miraculous gauds, potent drinks, and what not that ever entered into the fabulist's head, it may naturally be doubted whether the drama at any time approaches the spectator near enough to touch the spring of his emotions. That it does so, here and there, is true, but it is also a fact that, generally speaking, we care little what becomes of anybody concerned. The supernatural beings, when not repugnant, are indifferent, the mortals as a rule are more or less contemptible, while upon all rests the dark shadow of an incestuous crime so rare even in the days of myth that Fricka exclaims, urging Wotan to punish Siegmund:—

"Bridal embrace
of brother and sister!
When, where was it known
to mate with the child of your mother?"

Is this story, wherein poetic beauty and ingenious circumstances are allied to childish imaginings, made black by association with a sin, which horrifies even a goddess, and degraded by connection with love that rises in but a single instance above animalism—is this a model for the national music-drama of Germany? Heaven forefend.

Here I have done with the poem of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." A consideration of the music is obviously impossible within the limits of the present article. Let it be postponed, then, till space enough is available for the treatment of a subject at once so novel and so important in its relations to the "Art-work of the future."

[To be Continued.]

The Story of Bishop's Dramatic Gleees and Songs.*

BY J. S. CURWEN.

(Continued from Page 317.)

"Zuma, or the tree of health," was produced in 1818. The book was by T. Dibdin. The scene of the story is in Lima, Peru, and the action lies between the native Peruvians and the Spaniards. The glee, "The Silver Queen," opens the play. The scene is in a romantic valley; in the centre the Quinquina tree, on which the moon shines brightly. Four natives, Chinchilla, Zoro, Azan, and Zegro, take part, as follows. Chinchilla is waiting for a moonlight meeting with her lover, a Spaniard named Picquillo:—

CHIN.—The silver queen, whose cheerful ray
illumes the stream with seeming day,
Can warm this wakeful, anxious breast,
To meet my love, when others rest.

*From the Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter.

ZORO.—By yon pale moon, the signal soon
CHIN.—Shall sound no longer dearly.
ZORO.—Ere night is done, ere morning sun
Then will the shell sound cheerily.

AZAN AND ZEGRO ENTER.

AZAN.—When the firefly lights his cold, pale lamp,
And the storm-bird sleeps on the sedgey swamp,
When the moonbeams o'er the waters play,
Then will our tribe no longer stay.

CHIN.—By yon pale moon, the signal soon
No more shall sound so dearly!

AZAN.—Ere night is done, ere morning sun,
ALL.—Then will the shell sound cheerily.

The next piece of interest is the echo duet. Zuma, a native maid of honor to the Spanish vice-queen, is much separated from her husband, Mirvan, by her attendance at the palace. He has appointed a meeting with her in a remote part of the palace garden. Zuma enters, looking for Mirvan. "Mirvan not here," she says, "why has he thus called me from my duty, and left me in suspense?"

ECHO DUET.

ZUMA.—Whither, whither is he straying?
Soft he whisper'd in my ear,
Hasten, Zuma, no delaying,
Mirvan soon will meet thee, dear.

MIRVAN (WITHOUT).

Mirvan soon will meet thee, dear.

(ZUMA GOES OUT—MIRVAN ENTERS.)

MIRVAN.—Thy voice I hear, and now retreating
Yields alternate hope and fear;
Echo, that sweet voice repeating,
Charms thine anxious lover's ear.

ZUMA (WITHOUT).

Charms thine anxious lover's ear.

ZUMA ENTERS DURING THIRD VERSE.

MIRVAN.—This way;

ZUMA.—This way;

Both.—'tis he!
'tis she!

The chorus, "Daughter of Error," occurs in the third act. Zuma, though a Peruvian, is greatly attached to her mistress, the Spanish vice queen, and grieves to see her wasting to death from fever. The bark of the Quinquina tree is a sure remedy for her illness, but the Peruvians have sworn a solemn oath never to reveal its healing properties to their oppressors, the Spaniards. Zuma, with the logic of affection, thinks that if she can but administer doses of bark in her mistress's coffee she will get well without knowing the reason, and thus her own oath will not be violated. Jealous courtiers detect her in the act of putting what seems to be poison into the coffee at her mistress's side. Zuma is of course unable to say anything. Fear of her tribe forbids that she should reveal the real nature of the liquid, for did she do so, not only herself, but her husband and her boy would be sacrificed. On the other hand, her silence is interpreted by the Spaniards as sure evidence of guilt. A guard of soldiers drag her from the boudoir, while a chorus of monks and nuns assemble around her, hoping to convert her on her way to prison. As the procession forms, the symphony is heard, and the voices of the chorus enter in solemn and stately *Adagio*:—

Daughter of error, hear!
Hear! tremble and obey!
O, may the penitential tear
Fall, till thy guilt be passed away.

Zuma, confident in her innocence, does not heed the call. She is firm and calm.—

Hour of death, and hour of terror
Firm, thy coming I await!

Then the time quickens to *Allegro* as the hope that her innocence will be vindicated dawns upon her:—

And see, a cherub seems to smile!
And hark! his heavenly note I hear!
As if it said, "yet, yet awhile
Endure the storm, 'twill quickly clear."

This has been softly followed by the chorus, still bent on preparing her for death:—

We call thee, hapless child of error,
Think how near thy certain fate.

The opening *Adagio* movement is then—in the original version of the opera—repeated, and Zuma, overpowered by her feelings, falls senseless in the arms of two monks and the scene closes. The next day Zuma is taken for execution, and the fatal pile is indeed lighted, when the vice-queen, whose fever has been cured by drinking the medicated coffee, appears in the nick of time and orders her maid to be spared. The plot, it will be seen, is complicated

and rather absurd, but it is necessary to understand it if the meaning of the words is to be understood.

The operatic drama of "The Virgins of the Sun," was produced in 1812. The book was by Frederick Reynolds, and the scene is laid in Peru, near the convent of the virgins. The quartet, with solos, "Is it the tempest that we hear," is sung by two of the virgins within the convent, and two Spaniards who, on an errand of love, are seeking for admission and shelter from the storm. The elaborate finale to the second act, "Vengeance we swear," abounds with admirable effects. Alonzo, a Spaniard, has induced Cora, one of the Virgins of the Sun, to break her vows and marry him. For this the one penalty of the law is death to her and hers. The scene is in the hall of audience in the palace, where the priestesses of the Sun are telling the king of the disgrace brought upon them. Soldiers advance to seize the aged father of Cora, and Alonzo her lover, singing their low breathing chorus. The priestesses and women who are near intercede for the twain, and turn to the priests, one of whom replies in the bass solo, "Yon false slave" is Alonzo. After all, Cora and her relatives are not sacrificed, but reserved for trial, and in the end get off with whole skins, for the king repeals the law.

"Guy Mannering," adapted from Sir Walter Scott's novel by Daniel Terry, was produced in 1816. It is full of music that has survived. The story is simply that of Scott's novel. The curtain rises on an old fashioned chamber of Mrs. McCandish's inn. Several farmers and others are seated at the table, drinking. These at once strike up the glee

The winds whistle cold,
And the stars glimmer red,
The flocks are in fold
And the cattle in shed.

"A merry, social glee, and well sung, good neighbors," cries the jolly landlady when they have finished. Those who are acquainted with Scott's story will remember how Lucy Bertram, who is homeless and an orphan, is induced to accept the hospitality of her father's friend, Colonel Mannering. The ludicrous medley, "The fox jump over the parson's gate," can hardly be separated from its dramatic connection. It forms the finale to the first act. Dominic Sampson, Miss Mannering, and the chorus, take part in it. The Dominic is overjoyed at the thought of his young mistress going to live with Colonel Mannering, and gives vent to his feelings in a grotesque way. "I do remember me of a catch, which I was wont to sing twice a year," he says, "when a bursar of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, with good approbation." Then with many contortions and efforts, like one who first forgets words, then time, at length he breaks out with absurd bashfulness:—

The fox jump over the parson's gate
And stole his poultry from under his nose,
"Aha!" quoth the parson, who popt out his pate,
"A good fat hen, and away she goes."

Then Miss Mannering addresses Lucy Bertram, and presses her to accept Colonel Mannering's offer of hospitality:—

Calm, lady, calm your troubled breast!
Beneath our roof of friendship rest.

The Dominic, having got to the pitch of singing a song, cannot leave off, and blurs in upon the tender accents of the ladies with rough snatches of his catch. Afterwards the chorus joins in, but still the Dominic's voice is heard, in ludicrous contrast to the rest. The lullaby

O slumber, my darling,
Thy sire was a knight,

is frequently introduced into the play—sung to a simple air. It is represented to have been used from an ancient period in the Bertram family to soothe the slumbers of the infant heir, and it awakes early memories in the mind of Henry Bertram, when he returns to the ancestral home from which he was decoyed in early childhood. The Echo duet, "Now hope, now fear," (which must not be confused with the Echo duet in Zuma) is sung by Miss Mannering and her lover, Henry Bertram. Bertram's parentage is not yet known; he is at present an unknown adventurer, and Colonel Mannering has forbidden his advances towards Miss Mannering. He however comes on the lake to her window by night, playing on his flute an Indian air which they both know. "It is indeed the very air he taught me," she says, "I'll sing it! If it be he, he will answer it." Then she begins:—

Now hope, now fear, my bosom rending,
Alternate bid each other cease.

At the finale words, "I'm here! I'm here." Bertram rushes up the balcony steps from the lake, and embraces his beloved. She blames him for seeking a stolen interview, after her brother has forbidden their intercourse, whereupon he sings his passion in the song—

Be mine, dear maid! this faithful heart
Shall never prove untrue!
'Twere easier far from life to part,
Than cease to live for you.

The gipsy glee and chorus, "The chough and crow," occurs in the third scene of the second act. The scene is in a wild and romantic part of the forest, where the gipsies have their camp. A gipsy hut is in the centre, with a fire within. Men, women, and children mingle in the group, engaged in cooking, and various other employments. The gipsies are about to set out on their nightly depredations. A gipsy boy, Franco by name, "a promising young chick in the craft," sings the first solo—

"The Chough and crow to roost are gone,"
and a gipsy girl the second—

"Both child and nurse are fast asleep,"

the rest of the group joining in chorus. The song, "Safely follow him," of which the music is by Tom Cooke, is sung by Gabriel the gipsy, who has commissioned the boy Franco to be the guide of Henry Bertram and Dandie Dinmont.

"Clari, or the maid of Milan," produced in 1823, contains one piece that is known in every English-speaking country—"Home, sweet home." Clari is a beautiful peasant girl, who has exchanged her father's lowly cottage for the splendor of the Duke's palace, and become his bride. But she pines for the simple life she has led, and as she enters, fatigued and melancholy, she sings this song. The words are by John Howard Payne, an American, and though the music was called by Bishop a "Sicilian air," it is now generally agreed that it was really composed by him. "It is the song," says Clari, "of my native village—the hymn of the lowly heart, which dwells upon every lip there, and like a spell word, brings back to its home the affection which e'er has been betrayed to wander from it. It is the first music heard by infancy in its cradle; and our cottages, blending it with all their earliest and tenderest recollections, never cease to feel its magic, till they cease to live." The air is heard again during the play, a chorus of villagers sing it when Clari revisits her home.

"The Miller and his men," a melodrama by J. Pocock, was produced in 1813. The opening scene is on the banks of a river; on an eminence near a mill is at work. The Miller's men are seen in perspective, descending the eminence. They cross the river in boats, and land near a cottage, with their sacks, singing the round—

"When the wind blows
When the mill goes,
Our hearts are all light and merry."

The Sestet, "Stay, prithee, stay," occurs soon after. Count Frederick Friberg and Karl, his servant, are benighted, and seek shelter at the cottage, where dwells the honest Kelmor, and Claudine, his charming daughter. After a meal, the travellers rise to go. Karl imagines that they are among enemies; Claudine and Kelmor urge them to remain;—

CLAUD.—Stay, prithee, stay—the night is dark,
The cold wind whistles—hark! hark! hark!

The next scene is in a cavern which is the resort of banditti. They are seen variously employed, chiefly sitting carousing round tables on which are flasks of wine, etc. They join in the chorus—

Fill, boys, and drink about,
Wine will banish sorrow.

After a time they prepare to sally forth on their nightly errand of rapine, and before they go strike up the chorus—

Now to the forest we repair,
Awhile like spirits wander there;
In darkness we secure our prey,
And vanish at the dawn of day.

"The fall of Algiers," a melo-dramatic opera, was produced in 1825. The opening chorus—

Far away from every pleasure,
Parch'd beneath a burning sun,

describes the depression and misery of the slave life. The scene is laid in Africa, in the grounds

adjoining the country residence of the Bey. Several slaves are engaged in laying out a garden—some digging, others raising walls. When the symphony is finished, they come forward and join in the chorus. It is no sooner done than they are interrupted by the driver, "What ho! to work there, you lazy rascals, is this the way you employ your time? To work, I say, or I may chance to make you sing a different tune."

"Aladdin, or the wonderful lamp," (1826) contains the glee "Who first will strike the deer." The words of the opera are by G. Soane. The glee is sung by the huntsmen, and they enter to a symphony of horns. Aladdin contains a great deal of music, but only this piece seems to have survived.

"Don John, or the two Violettas," (1821) was a joint production of Bishop and Mr. W. H. Ware. The only piece of interest that it contains is the glee for five voices, "Now by day's retiring lamp."

"Cortez, or the conquest of Mexico," (1823) was an historical drama, in three acts, the poetry by J. R. Planché. The ingenious round, "Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum," is the only piece familiar to singers of to-day. This is sung by Marina, Francisco, and Alvarado.

"The Maniac," (1810) contains "The tiger couches in the wood," "Push about the bottle, boys," and "Merry boys, away."

In the case of the last four operas I have not succeeded in obtaining a book of words, and have gained my information from the music as it is separately published.

A number of Bishop's glees were written for the Shakespearean adaptations of his time. Among these are "Come, thou monarch," "A cup of wine," "What shall he have that killed the deer," and "Spirits advance." All reader of Shakespeare will understand the dramatic place of these songs. "Allegiance we swear," is from "Henri Quatre," (1820). "Hark! Apollo strikes the lyre," is from a musical entertainment called "The Royal Nuptials," and produced in 1816, in honor of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte (then the heiress apparent to the crown).

It must also be born in mind that Bishop's glees were not all written for dramas. His non-dramatic glees include the following:—

The fisherman's good night.
I gave my harp to sorrow's hand.
O by rivers,
Up, quit thy bowyer.
When wearied wretches,
Where art thou, beam of light.
Foresters! sound the cheerful horn.
No more the moon with tepid rays,
Where shall we make her grave.
Sportive little trifter, tell me.
Ronilda.
To harmony.
In tears the heart oppressed.

Dr. Hanslick on the Wagner Theatre.

"Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" What, in the name of fortune, induced Herr R. Wagner to fix on Bayreuth as the place for the performance of his Stage-Festival-Plays? is a question which might naturally suggest itself to the benighted persons who have not read the composer's literary works, and thus does Dr. Hanslick discourse upon it:—

"But why at Bayreuth of all places in the world? The notion of building a new theatre in this locality formed no part of Wagner's original plan. He thought, at the outset, of using the old Bayreuth Operahouse, a stately monument of Margravian magnificence in days gone by. But the more he reflected on the requisite alterations, the more he found that the house would not suit him. He soon perceived that he must build as he reformed—from the very foundations; a new kind of opera demanded a new theatre. He adhered, however, to the small and remote town of Bayreuth, so that the spectator's attention might not be diverted from the composer's work by the influences of a large city. In Bayreuth he might, Wagner believed, assume that the public would be in the festive mood best calculated for his purpose. In this respect, according to the unanimous utterances of numerous visitors, he appears to have made a mistake. A townlet like Bayreuth is in no way fitted for such an immense influx of strangers. Not only is there everywhere a want of comforts, but frequently of necessaries as well. I do not know that a man is likely to be in the most appropriate frame of

mind for enjoying art when for a week he has occupied inconvenient lodgings, had a wretched bed to lie on, lived badly, and, after a trying operatic performance of from five to six hours, not been sure whether, by dint of hard fighting, he shall be able to procure a modest morsel of food. Few faces return an affirmative answer; and many persons who came here beaming with enthusiasm were seen yesterday, with far less gladsome looks, tolling up the hot and dusty road which leads to the far-off Wagner Theatre. Even the artists engaged in the performances indulge in well-grounded complaints. How easy, they say, might many a defect (such as the unsatisfactory manner in which some of the smaller parts were cast, etc.) not evident until evident at the general rehearsals, have been remedied in a large city, while in Bayreuth any change is out of the question. A distinguished member of the band had the misfortune to arrive with a violoncello half smashed on the road; it might easily have been repaired in any capital, but Bayreuth boasts of no instrument-maker. I will not dwell longer upon this part of the subject, which, with the motto: 'Wer nie sein Brod in Bayreuth ass,' is better suited for humorous treatment than for any other. I simply wanted to express my opinion, thoroughly corroborated by my experience here, that the proper place for a great art-enterprise is a great city.

"And what about the ultimate fate of the Wagner Theatre? Has it been erected, people frequently ask, really for the *Ring des Nibelungen* alone? At the onset Wagner's reply was to the effect that: 'The principal object of this new institution was nothing more than to supply a locally fixed point of meeting where the best theatrical artists in Germany might practise and carry on their art in a higher and more original style than usual.' In his *S-Altenbericht*, Wagner narrows the circle still more, and says that the Bayreuth performances, indefinitely expanded, might include 'perhaps every kind of dramatic works, which, in consequence of the originality of their conception and their genuinely German style, could lay claim to especially correct execution.' That this did not include operas originally Italian, like *Don Juan*; or French, like *Armida*; or with spoken dialogue, like *Der Freischütz* and *Fidelio*, is a fact well known to everyone well posted up in Wagner's writings. It would, indeed, be a piece of absurdity to visit Bayreuth on purpose to hear operas by Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, which are, as a rule, tolerably represented at the theatres of the various German Courts. Nobody labors any longer under the illusion that the theatre erected for the *Nibelungen* will henceforth be devoted only to the *Nibelungen*. But here we find ourselves involuntarily in a dilemma, which forces itself upon us. It is either not possible to produce Wagner's *Nibelungenring* any where but in this Stage-Festival-Playhouse—in which case, Wagner's tremendous labors would be one of all proportion to the quickly fading success achieved—or the work may and will be brought out at other large theatres; in which case, the erection of so costly a building of his own strikes one as a strange piece of luxury. But, however bitterly Wagner condemns our theatres, with which he will 'never again come in contact,' everything inclines irresistibly to our second assumption, and Wagner himself will find it difficult to oppose the current. Every serious work of art requires to be heard several times; it can produce its due effect and command due appreciation only by periodically recurring impressions. To think of restricting the principal work of his whole life to Bayreuth would, in Wagner's case, almost resemble professional suicide. The number of well-to-do Bayreuth pilgrims is far from being as large as Wagner could desire; least of all do these *Führerblätter* represent the German people, for whom, we are informed, the *Nibelungenring* is intended. If Wagner wished not merely to amuse a handful of persons with his greatest creation in a particular place and on one particular occasion, but desired to see that creation take root in the nation itself, he must, without more ado, confide it to the 'accursed operatic theatres.' It is, in fact, already decided that Vienna will begin by performing *Die Walküre*, and that Munich will bring out the entire *Trilogy*. The work, unless I am mistaken, may be got up with somewhat less magnificent machinery, but it will, notwithstanding, be rendered, in a musical sense, satisfactorily. If the *Nibelungenring* shows signs of defective vitality in Vienna, Munich, Berlin, and Dresden, because the colored steam is less suffocating, the Daughters of the Rhine swim less elegantly, and the Walkyrie do not ride so fast, there must be something wrong with the principal thing, the musical kernel of the work. The more genuine and greater the inward poetic vigor of a dramatic composition, the more easily can it bear shortcomings in the mode of its performance and the manner in which it is got up. *Don Juan* and *Der Freischütz*, *Egmont* and *Die Räuber*, hold the audience spellbound even in unpretending provincial theatres. And it is in small theatres that the operas of Wagner himself, those to which he owes his fame, his popularity, and, consequently, the possibility of the whole Bayreuth undertaking—*Tristan und Isolde*, *Der fliegende Holländer*, and *Lohengrin*—have obtained for the first time the greatest following. The very brilliant success of the *Nibelungen* at Bayreuth—a success as good as assured beforehand—affords no trust-worthy test of the value and effect of the composition. For this it is requisite that Bayreuth shall journey to Europe after Europe has journeyed to Bayreuth. The mountain has come once to the Prophet; the Prophet must now go to the mountain.

"The Wagner Theatre itself is one of the most interesting and instructive sights imaginable. Not by its exterior, which is architecturally poverty-stricken, and imposed by its position alone, but by the sensible novelty of its internal arrangement. Immediately on entering, the spectator is struck by the auditorium; rows of seats rising, like an amphitheatre, in a semi-circle, with a low gallery, the 'Sovereigns' Box,' behind them. There is no other box in the whole house, but in the place of boxes there are pillars right and left. The spectator enjoys from every seat an equally good and unobstructed view of the proceedings on the stage, and of

nothing else. At the beginning of the performance the auditorium is enveloped in complete obscurity. The brightly illuminated stage, on which neither side nor foot lights are visible, appears like a picture of glowing colors in a dark frame. Many scenes almost resemble transparencies or views in a diorama. Wagner hereby emphasizes the axiom that: "A scenic picture should be exhibited to the spectator with all the inaccessibility of a dream." The most remarkable object is the invisible orchestra, "the mystic abyss," as Wagner named it, "because its office is to separate the Real from the Ideal." It is placed so low as to remind one of the engine-room in a steamer. It is, moreover, almost entirely covered by a kind of tin roof. The musicians cannot see the slightest portion of the stage or of the public. The conductor alone can see the singers, but not the audience. Wagner's genial idea of sparing us in opera the irritating spectacle of all the musicians fiddling, blowing, and thumping away, is an idea of which I long since repeatedly acknowledged the merit, and of which, on the Munich model, I endeavored to act as propagandist. In his Bayreuth Theatre, however, Wagner strikes me as having gone too far, that is to say, too deep; for through the whole of *Rheingold*, though, it is true, I did not miss the clearness of the orchestra, I missed its brilliancy. Even the most stormy passages sounded muted and veiled. There is no doubt of this being a boon for the singers, but slightly at the expense of the instrumentalists, to whom the most important and the most beautiful part of the work is confided. Judging by the muted sound, hardly anyone would have suspected the numerical strength of the orchestra, the eight harps of which, for instance, sounded to me like only two or three. But it is not merely in important matters, such as the position of the orchestra, that Wagner has taken pains to hit on new arrangements, with the view of reminding us as little as possible of our operatic theatres. He has done so in smaller matters as well. Thus the signal at the commencement of the piece, and at that of each act, is given, not by a bell, but by a trumpet-flourish; the curtain does not rise and descend, but parts in the middle, and so on."

While delighted to give credit where credit is due, we must remind the reader that Herr R. Wagner cannot claim to have originated those changes in the Bayreuth Theatre which are indisputably ameliorations. Very many years have elapsed since Grétry suggested them; the amphitheatre-like auditorium, every seat in which would command a clear and unobstructed view of the stage; and the invisible orchestra. Such an orchestra, by the way, has, on a small scale, long been familiar to the frequenters of the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London. Whether we should consider the abolition of boxes advantageous or the reverse, is a moot point; still the idea is Grétry's, not Wagner's. It is true that Grétry did not suggest the advisability of dividing the curtain into two portions, and drawing them aside in opposite directions. But that plan was adopted by Mr. Macready at Drury Lane, and by Mad. Vestris, at the Olympic, and their example has since been followed by other occupants of the managerial throne in England. Herr R. Wagner may, however, proudly boast of having substituted a trumpet-call in lieu of the bell sounded by English prompters, or the three knocks in vogue among their French colleagues, and we readily acknowledge, in the name of a grateful world, his right to all the glory so important, so essential, and so momentous an innovation deserves.—*London Musical World*. K. R.

Schumann's Literary Works.

We are happy to announce the fact that the literary works by Schumann will soon be published in America. Before endeavoring to give our readers some idea of the importance of this work, and of the difficulty of the labor of translating it, let us mention the name of Madame Fannie Raymond Ritter as the person to whom English-speaking musicians will have to be thankful for what will prove to be to them the opening of a storehouse of rich and rare thought. We learn that the work has been undertaken in response to a request of Madame Clara Schumann, hoping that thereby her husband's works and character might be better understood by English-speaking people. It will appear in England and America simultaneously. The publisher, who copyrighted the American edition, is the present representative of the German house which first published Schumann's *Musik und Musiker*. The translation will be prefaced by a biography, and accompanied by notes, which no doubt will throw much light upon the many mysterious expressions in which Schumann's style abounds, as well as upon the various personages who are from time to time caused to speak. It will also be accompanied by the portrait sent to Mrs. Ritter by Madame Schumann. Schumann's literary labors do by no means occupy a low or insignificant position, when compared with his musical works. Schumann was one of the most remarkable men of his period, making his influence felt both in the concert-room and through the press, as a founder and editor of a musical journal. Of Schumann, the composer, we need here say nothing. If, as a composer, he de-

parted from the style of the past, he did not do less so as a critic and newspaper writer. The spirit of 1830—that time of political restlessness which awoke the world out of its slumbers after a long period of sleep—no doubt was also felt by the young student of Heidelberg. Schumann was already known as a composer before he entered upon his career as editor and critic. It was in 1838 that he attempted to start a musical journal in Vienna. But, though Beethoven had scarcely been dead ten years, the musical glory of Vienna had departed. The point of gravity of the musical world had been moved further north. The easy-going southern Vienna was not the city to comprehend the spirit that moved and labored in Schumann. Though delighted with the far-famed sociability of the Emperor's city, we see him take his departure in April, 1839, and henceforth he is fixed as one of the stars of the Leipzig constellation. The Mendelssohn-Schumann period was for Leipzig what the latter part of the classic period was for Vienna.

Schumann was a composer, a poet by nature, and yet an acute critic. His *Neue Zeitschrift* was in many respects a total departure from the old beaten track, which had been pursued for so many years by the *Leipzig Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Cecilia*. He fought against that stagnation which had settled upon the classicists and their critics; he would not attach that importance to form which theorists hitherto had insisted upon; and if he did once in a while overstep the limits of prudence, he did, on the other hand, thoroughly arouse the musical world. Criticisms like his had never been written before, and they fairly hewed and cut their way into public recognition. His praise was as delicate and deserved as his criticism was refined and just. He had the faculty of laying bare the weaknesses of men in a few words. There was no bungling when he took hold of the dissecting knife. He had the power of reaching a point by apparently going in an opposite direction from the one he aimed at. He was full of Jean Paul, and the style of that writer makes itself unmistakably felt. The young, boisterous editor caused the old masters, with their ancient theories and periwigs, to look in dismay. That sharp controversies ensued was but natural, and that Schumann was not slow to retort is evident from these very works.

Schumann allowed several personages (fictitious, of course) to speak in his journal. There was *Floristan*, who debates with *Eusebius*, displaying humor and sarcasm. And, again, there is *Raro*, the autocrat, who settles the dispute with a wise sentence or two. Then there is *Chiara*, which name stands for *Clara Schumann*, and *Moritis*, a substitute for *Mendelssohn*. Not less important names are the *David-Buendler* (David Leaguers), who were forever in arms against the *Philistines*. What the David Leaguers meant is not difficult to tell. Some think that the name had reference to the friendship between Schumann and Schunke. But the introduction of the *Philistine* would cause one to look for another explanation. *Der Philister* (the *Philistine*) is a most characteristic creature. He resists the onward course of the times; he is impracticable; for ever croaking, and looking with horror into the future, while he delights in the past. He loves the old regime, and does not admit of a change in anything, *no—not if he can help it!* If improvements must be made, he deems himself the only safe person to make them. To him young and old ought to look for counsel and wisdom! *So he thinks!* He has an ominous look, shakes his head wisely, puts his finger to his nose, smiles contemptuously at the sayings and doings of the young, or treats them with a patronizing air. He is contracted, and for all deems himself the embodiment of all that is worth knowing. He is a prosaic creature, dry and shrivelled like old parchment. He is the extreme pole of the young dare-devil of a student, for whom he prophesies final destruction. The German University student generally is an egotistical creature; hence he styles all town-people *Philistines*, until at last he becomes covered with the dust of the office of State, and in his turn is called a *Philistine*. Do not laugh, dear reader, at Germany, for the *Philistines* are upon us, too. We find them among theologians, educators, editors, lawyers, farmers, in fact, in every pursuit of life. Against this class of persons Schumann turned his weapons. Hence the assumed name of "*David Buendler*," or *David Leaguers*. And a noble, fearless David Schumann was, slaying his *Philistines* on the right and on the left, spreading dismay in their very camp.

Thus Schumann started out with criticisms boiling over with sarcasms and pleasantries. But, as he became older, he also became calmer and more

serious. Although the volcano ceased to labor in throes, and did no longer spit fire, that consuming power was still there. The form, the importance of which he formerly strove to lessen, he now recognized as the body wherein the soul of music breathes. And later, when Wagner and Liszt startled the world with their ideas, we see Schumann cautious and, in a sense, even conservative. Weary, he at last, in 1848, laid down the pen, and the paper which he had founded was continued by Brendel, who, as our readers may know, took it over into the camp of the Wagnerites. Much might be said about the style and character of the articles as collected in the work now soon to be issued. They must be read in order to be appreciated. Such articles as those on Chopin, Op. 2; on Beethoven; on Beethoven's last groeschen; on Kalkbrenner, Herz, Hummel, etc., are rich, racy models of criticism. They cannot fail to attract attention. It was in 1854 that the writings of Schumann were first published in book form, and twenty years have thus been allowed to pass before so beautiful, so rich a work was translated into the English language.—*Brainard's Musical World*.

A Berlin Critic upon Wagner.

"The first of living composers and of living bores" is the heading which the *New York World* gives to the following letter from a special correspondent in Vienna. It is amusing, much of the criticism just; but the concession ("highest place among living composers") is more wholesale than a more musical critic would have made; most conspicuous place would be a safer thing to say.

VIENNA, September 22.—The retrospective glances on the great Wagner festival are perhaps more profitable, if not more interesting, than the criticisms which were delivered at the time of the performance. Then, every observer's mind was heated with the splendors of the occasion, his judgment biased by a fete patronized by monarchs and nobles, or his temper tried by the difficulties in procuring food, and the hardships of the well filled German town. Now, however, men have had time to look about them, to revise their first judgments. The aesthetically inclined have exhausted themselves and friends by their oft-repeated literary and musical criticisms; the less aesthetical have grumbled themselves into a bad humor and out again over the discomforts of Bayreuth, and the public are soberly trying to decide whether Wagner is or is not what he professes to be. The excitement is by no means entirely gone. The windows of the photographers in Berlin and Vienna are full of extravagant and fantastic photographs illustrative of the various Wagnerian operas; the music dealers display Wagner's compositions in every conceivable form, for every conceivable instrument. It is interesting, now that it is all past, to gather up the more valuable criticisms of the Bayreuth exhibition, especially from the composer's own fellow-countrymen. The suggestions and conclusions of Paul Lindau are of considerable worth in many ways. His letters to a paper in Breslau, during and after the festival, attracted a great deal of attention, and were quoted in some of the London and even in some of the Paris journals. The letters have been revised and published in pamphlet form, and a glance at the contents will give a fair idea of a keen critic's and a talented writer's judgment of the "Wagnerian triumph."

The name of Lindau has become widely known in Germany by means of his paper, the *Gegenwart*, the most able literary weekly in Berlin. He calls his pamphlet "*Temperate Letters from Bayreuth*." (*Nuchterne Briefe aus Bayreuth*). The adjective is well applied. The letters have none of that unwise enthusiasm conspicuous among those who would see in Wagner the combined genius of Goethe and Beethoven, or, to use the extravagant language of one critic, "the gradual manifestation of the All in *Æschylus*, *Shakespeare* and *Wagner*." Neither does Lindau go to that other extreme which is so well exemplified by the sharp pen of Wolf in the *Figaro*, and which would make Wagner a musical charlatan, or the impersonation of all that is tiresome and confusing. Lindau is not a musical critic, and approaches the works of Wagner upon their literary side especially. This does not prevent him, however, from some very sound observations on "the music of the future."

Lindau's letters have in them, besides, a great deal of intelligent criticism, a fair amount of humor and a large amount of common sense. The literary

critic has almost as much to do with Wagner as the musical. He is author at once of words and music, and, though not claiming to be the creator of the poetry of the future, he writes in a style for which he has certainly no precedent in the history of German literature. Criticisms from a literary side cannot be favorable, and Lindau, while treating the whole festival with moderation and even with admiration, finds himself compelled to criticize most severely the Wagnerian poetry and, in so far as he is capable, the Wagnerian music too. To enumerate in English the faults of Wagner's librettos would be difficult, but there is an alliteration, a terrible obscurity and a barbaric mutilation of language which are likely to be vexatious to a critic whose home and speech is German. Lindau gives lively and entertaining sketches of the preparations for the festival and the circumstances attending it, but as he says that "American newspapers were more strongly represented than any other foreign journals," it is unnecessary to quote from these descriptions.

The chief idea which pervades Lindau's letters is this: That Wagner is indeed a great musician, but not the creator of a new art; that Wagner is a great musician, but by no means a great poet; that Wagner is a great musician, but full of obstinate faults, which the revision and curtailing of his successors must eradicate before he can attain a seat in the musical Parnassus of Germany. Lindau found the scenery in many parts magnificent, but in general a great bungling in the stage effects, and a great awkwardness on the part of the composer in adapting his scenes to the human imagination. The composition and performance of "Rheingold" is admitted by Lindau to have been good, but in making this admission he deprecates the tiresome and long spun scenes and orchestral parts, and ridicules such poetic effects as the opening chorus of the Rhine mermaids:

"Weia! Waga!
Wagalawela!"

and, later on, the chorus of monosyllables, which closes:

"Wallalalalalala laiajai."

"These cries," he says, "which, according to Edmund von Hagen, have a deep philosophical sense and meaning, to remove us out of the circle of real life into the realm of the ideal, to abstract the scientific fact of the priority of speech to developed thought, these opening words, on their presentation in musical discourse and in combination with instrumental adornment, did not produce on me the comic impression that I had obtained in the reading. They made no special impression, and that is the best thing to be said of them." But Lindau's criticism is not all of this trivial kind. In speaking of Vogel's execution of one of the airs in the "Rheingold," he pierces very delicately the armor of the upholders of Wagner. In the execution of this melody—"a melody in the good old sense of the word"—Vogel won the greatest applause. "Should it not make the Wagnerians somewhat uneasy that just at the point where this peculiar diverging score is once by chance interrupted to pursue the way of the old opera—that just there where it approaches, even in the least degree, this old form of opera,—that just there the effect was the most direct, the purest and the strongest?"

The "Walkure" Lindau criticizes very severely for its absurd scenery, its fantastic music and its long-winded prolixity.

His description of the entrée of Fricka (one of the heroines) on the stage in "Walkure," in a chariot drawn by horses, is very amusing:

"What kind of a span of horses is it to which in advance the honor of public praise is given (i. e., in the chorus at Fricka's approach?) A pair of poor stuffed beasts, with tired-out, wagging heads, are pulled in on wheels—only a somewhat augmented play for big, overgrown children—a pair of baa-sheep, nothing further."

Then when the horse Graue comes in view amid great choruses in his honor, Lindau says of him: "There has more been written about this same horse than about many talented artists and many distinguished men of learning. Ah! we have at last seen the good horse—gentle as a lamb, mournful as a war-horse out of the ranks, which eats whatever it can find and follows its master's body. And this good beast is saluted with the wild cries and the indomitable quavers of the 'Walkure':"

Hoiotoho! Hoiotoho
Heiaha, Heiaha
Hahel, Hahel, Heiaha.

We have come to Bayreuth to see at last a Hoiotoho horse. And what have we seen? The regular *Hottelüh Pferd*, or hobby-horse."

It is in connection with the immediately succeeding part of the "Walkure" that Lindau attacks very sharply the long continued dialogues of Wagner's dramatic music.

"If in this long, long, long act, this everlasting address and response, or rather this everlasting address in the presence of another, would but for a single time leave the domain of musical declamation!

* * * I beg only this once for what we uneducated people call melody. * * * Give me a frank, free melody, be it ever so bad; give me a *Volkslied* with *Holdrioh* and *Juchhh*; despise me as much as you will, but torment me not with your eternal melody which is no melody.

"Spitzer has made a bitter but very true remark about this kind of endless melody. 'Endless melody—that is, as if one should call a pool of stagnant water an endless dewdrop.'"

We give these few extracts from Lindau's letters as fair specimens of his views.

The criticisms we have quoted refer only partially to the genius of Wagner, but give an idea of what the general impression of the Bayreuth festival is among a large number of educated artistic Germans, of whom Lindau is both leader and mouth-piece.

The critic is most severe on Wagner's speech at the close of the "Götterdämmerung," the last opera of the series.

The graceful gift of oratory has been denied to Wagner by the muses; every time he opens his mouth somehow something unfortunate happens. In most cases he limits himself to abusing several of the chief factors of his results, the artists, the management, the press or something else. The disagreeable experiences which he had in this way a short time ago at Vienna have not made him the wiser, and the greater circumstances of the artistic event of the close of which we are speaking, made him give even larger dimensions to his abuse. This time the universe must have pretty much believed on him. Wagner said: "You have now seen what we can do. Have the will now, and when you have the will, we shall have an art."

Lindau continues: "His cold words, emotionless and joyless, acted on us like a plunge bath. What! Has not Wagner more to say than this—no thanks to throne, to public, to artists and to artists, to press and to the little town that did its utmost for his fame? And if we have the will what then? Then we have—Art. What then have we had hitherto? Have all ideal productions of the grandest minds been vain bungling and worthless trifling? * * * Does your Art catechism teach: Wagner was from the beginning, is, and shall be to all eternity."

Lindau concludes by allotting to Wagner the highest place among living composers, but he maintains that while Wagner is the manager of his own music he will still torment and weary his audiences. As for his being the musician of the future, the founder of a new art, the critic denies it. He compares Wagner's revolution to the newer post-classic development of French literature, which supplemented but did not supersede the literature of the preceding age, and Moliere, he adds, still towers above Victor Hugo.

Criticism of criticism is a futile and useless task, and we leave these fragments of Lindau's views to speak, coming as they do from an impartial source.

MACEDONIAN.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 28, 1876.

Bands and Theatre Orchestras.

Any musical person who may chance to listen to a band upon a square, or some smart cornet player in a theatre, is forced to make in his own mind one criticism:—These instruments are continually attempting what it is not in their nature properly to do. Think for instance of an overture, by Rossini or by Auber, played by a mere military brass band! all the tones brass, all of one kith and kin, cousins, uncles, aunts and what not of the Sax-horn family, and all sophistications, by means of keys, valves and pistons, of old-fashioned genuine trumpets, trombones, etc., born for plainer, sterner work, to enable them to imitate and put on the

flexible graces of violins, reeds, human voices! An overture is essentially an orchestral composition; without an orchestra it would not exist; and the very essence of the kind orchestral, is that there be contrast and variety in color and in quality of tone, pastoral reeds and flutes in pleasant contrast answering to harsh and thrilling brass, and both in still more striking opposition (as also in ingenious commingling, reconciliation, mutual support) with the violins and other strings, which constitute the intellectual, refined and soul-like nucleus or "quartet" of the whole. Now what a coarse, monotonous and awkwardly ambitious effect is produced, when instruments all brass attempt to do all this! No doubt they do it often very skilfully; there is surprising virtuosity and smoothness in the execution of some of these cornet-players; you would not suppose they could do so much; but what do you care for it when done? We have had occasion more than once to admire the ease, precision, fluency and generally good tune with which one of these brass bands went through a lively overture by Rossini. To be sure there was one clarinet among them—and that, as if to justify its place there, made of metal! Yet was it necessarily but a dull caricature of the overture, as any one would feel who heard it, just before or after, executed by a proper orchestra.

Overtures, however, are comparatively rare and exceptional in these band concerts. It is still worse in the far more frequent case of "operatic arrangements," where throats of brass are made to do the work at once of orchestra, chorus, and dramatic solo voices. In this way are served up the Trio from *Lucrezia Borgia*, the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, and endless potpourris from fashionable operas, movements from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, songs by Schubert, two-part songs by Mendelssohn, etc., etc. Here cornets, sax-horns, valve trumpets, trombones, monster ophicleides, assume the personality of courtly and refined gentlemen and ladies, the heroes and heroines of history, beings of poetry and pride and pathos:—and is not the effect somewhat ludicrous? Does it not recall the fable of the ass who climbed into his master's lap because he saw the dog encouraged in it? In these tragic solo impersonations one cannot but remark a peculiarly vulgar and clownish quality of tone in the brass instruments. There is something in their singing which we can describe only by comparing it to the broad Yankee country-fied sound of the vowel in syllables like *how* and *now*. Our sense of hearing is affected by it somewhat as our sense of touch and smell are by the handling of copper coins. Tubas and cornets may go through all the figures, scales and cadences of voices and of violins or flutes, but they cannot deny or change their own nature. That nature is a useful one, and its sphere honorable:—why do they not stick to it manfully and be content to do their proper work and not affect to fill the sphere of others? These instruments are excellent, as lions, in their place, but they were never meant to "roar you as it were a nightingale."—We might allude, too, to another staple article in these "light" programmes: to those inexpressibly tedious Variation pieces, in which your cornet man, red in the face, tortures a poor melody to death, warbling and twiddling through an endless superfluity of runs and roulades, destitute of sense or beauty, and degrading music to a mere mountebank display of difficult achievements.

But we hasten to the conclusion of the whole matter, which is: That every combination of musical instruments sounds best and gives most satisfaction when it performs that kind of music which was originally written and designed for it. Leave overtures to the orchestra. Leave opera trios and ensembles to the opera singers; leave Fides to La-

grange, Lucrezia to Grisi, Mignon to Nilsson, and Edgardo to Mario, and let him not die perpetually in brass bands and hand organs until we all grow sick of him. The brass band was the creation of military wants; let it discourse martial music. Those swelling and heroic marches, with rich, crackling, startling harmony, and proud, buoyant rhythm;—they are genuine, and your brass band never sounds so nobly as when it plays them; yet even these, many of them, would make finer and less cloying music, were the band composed of reeds as well as brass, and were some of the brass instruments suffered to retain their old legitimate forms, instead of being emasculated into clumsy imitation of soft reeds and flutes, to sound like a man who sings *falsetto*. We like *truth* of tone; would have a trumpet be true trumpet, piercing, shrill, defiant, jubilant, and not subdued to sing a sentimental maiden's part, or warble variations like a flute.—Beside marches, doubtless there may be other forms of composition suited to the peculiar genius of brass bands. Rich and solemn strains of harmony, dirges, hunting pieces, etc. Religious chorals, well arranged and harmonized, have admirable effect sometimes so rendered. Then again the brass portion of an orchestra, alone or with the rest, contributes wonderful effects in special passages where the composer needs them; but all their spell is broken, if they occur too often. Remember the trombones where the statue speaks in *Don Giovanni*, and how Mozart has made them terrible by keeping them to that point in the background.

The bands themselves know very well the need of alternating and relieving the monotonous impression of brass music, through the evening, by something of a finer and subtler sort; and accordingly most of them have the faculty of transforming themselves into a small orchestra, with a few violins, claiuets, etc., suitable for dances, or accompaniment to solos. And we must say that now and then a set of Strauss or Labitzky waltzes, which we have heard them play in this way, have seemed to us decidedly the best selections of the Promenade Concerts; they are light, graceful, enlivening and refined, and without true, and without false pretence or affectation, compared with operas re-coined into brass, showy variations, and the like. We do believe the general audience enjoy them more. There is much beautiful music in the waltz form; it is at least genuine; and, if rendered by a decent orchestra, not by a brass band, it is most appropriate for such pleasant, free and easy gatherings.

Of course, so long as we have only brass bands, programmes must be very limited, or must continue to be made up in great part of such questionable and unedifying selections as we have been describing. For ourselves we would rather listen only to the marches and the waltzes; but these give hardly sphere enough to the musicians, and would keep the public out of the fashions of the day in music, which might cause some murmuring; they know the Wagner music is now fashionable, and they must have a taste of it, even from a cornet band. But now suppose that all our bands were more complete and composite, with contrast of reeds and brass (of which we have comparatively few real models in the country), and suppose we could have common theatre orchestras of forty, instead of a dozen or sixteen instruments; then how much richer might the programmes be! How it would enlarge the repertoire; and how much better overtures, etc., would sound being given as the composers meant they should be given, and not in meagre adaptations and mere caricatures!

FREE ORGAN RECITALS. Mr. H. E. PARKHURST has just concluded his second series of Thursday afternoon Recitals at the First Church, in Berkeley

Street. Mr. Parkhurst was a pupil at the Stuttgart Conservatory, also of Professor Haupt (J. K. Paine's teacher) at Berlin, and of the famous teacher and organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, Mr. W. T. Best. We give his programmes, sincerely disappointed at finding the recitals over before we were able to hear one of them.

I.

1. **Prelude and Fugue, in D minor....Mendelssohn**
2. **Pastorale.....Bach**
3. **Fourth Organ Concerto, in F.....Handel**
Allegro moderato, Andante maestoso,
Adagio, Allegro.
4. **Second Organ Sonata, in C minor.....Bach**
Vivace, Adagio, Allegro.
5. **Offertoire, in G.....Wey**

II

1. Fourth Organ Sonata, in B flat....Mendelssohn
Allegro con brio, Andante religioso,
Allegretto, Allegro maestoso.
2. Vorspiele, Nos 44 and 45.....Bach
3. Introduction, Theme, and Variations.....Hesse
4. (a) Largo.....Beethoven
(b) Andante.....Silas
5. Toccata and Fugue, in D minor.....Bach

III.

1. Offertoire, in G.....Batiste
2. (a) Bourrée.....Bach
- (b) Prelude.....Niedermeyer
3. Sixth Organ Concerto, in B flat.....Handel
Allegro. Larghetto, Allegro moderato.
4. Prelude and Fugue, in F minor.....Bach
5. Introduction, Theme, and Variations.....Freyer

IV.

1. Passacaglia.....Bach
2. America, with Variations.....Parkhurst
3. (a) Vorspiel, No 58, His last composition, } Bach
- (b) " " 49, }
4. Third Organ Sonata, in A.....Mendelssohn
 Con moto maestoso, Andante tranquillo.
5. Third Organ Concerto, in G minor.....Handel
 Adagio, Allegro, Adagio, Allegro.

V.

1. Sonata, in D minor.....Merkel
Allegro moderato, Adagio, Allegro con
fuoco Fuga.
2. Third Organ Sonata, in D minor.....Bach
Andante, Adagio e dolce, Vivace.
3. Overture to Occasional Oratorio.....Handel
4. Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.....Thiele
5. Festival Overture.....Liszt

WORCESTER, MASS. Musical interests appear to thrive at "the heart of the Commonwealth" remarkably well for these "hard times." The success of the Annual Festival, financial as well as musical, gives sign that better times are not far off. Mr. B. D. Allen has resumed his "talks" on musical subjects, full reports of some of which we have copied in past years. It is certainly encouraging that there are six or eight hundred people there who are sufficiently interested to spend an evening once a week in this way; so many hardly would be found, we fear, in Boston. Here is the programme of his first "Evening with the Musicians," (Sept. 28):

- I. Ancient Greek Hymn to Calliope.
First published in 1581, by Vincenzo Galilei, father of the celebrated astronomer, Galileo Galilei.
- II. Specimen of the Gregorian Chant, which came into vogue during the latter part of the sixteenth century.
The harmony and Modern notation have been supplied by Mr. C. P. Morrison.
- III. "A sweet and agreeable" specimen of the earliest harmony extant, Hucbald, about 900.
- IV. Troubadour Music, Adam de la Halle, 1240-1286.
1. Discant. 2. Chanson.
- V. Folksongs. 1. Irish Melody, "I go not forth."
2. Scotch Melody, "Here awa! there awa!"
3. English Canon, "Summer is a cumen in." 1250.
- VI. Ancient Instrumental Music.
1. Sellenger's Round, as harmonized by Byrd for Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book.
2. Welsh Melody, as performed by the harpers to the stanzas of the Datgeiniad, or Reciters.
3. Dance Tune. Earlier than 1300.
- VII. The Folksong in Modern Composition.
1. Vocal. (a) Hungarian. "Darlings two had I," (b) Bohemian. "The Forsaken."
(c) German. "O tell me is my wandering love," R. Franz
2. Pianoforte. Polonaise. Op. 36, No. 2. F. Chopin

On the second evening Mr. Allen was to illustrate the Catholic music of the Flemish, Italian and German schools. After that, the Madrigal, Glee and Part-Song. And so on for perhaps ten evenings.

Concerts, etc.

The first Harvard Symphony Concert is announced for Thursday afternoon Nov. 9, at 3 o'clock. The programme consists of four sterling works of the kind that never become stale: Schumann's "Genoève" Overture; Chopin's F-minor Concerto played by Mr. LEONHARD; the "Jupiter" Symphony by Mozart, and that grand Marche Heroïque, in A minor, by Schubert (arranged for Orchestra) which was heard here for the first time last winter.

Mr. HUGO LEONHARD has prepared three admirable programmes for the recitals of piano-forte music which he is to give in Wesleyan Hall on Fridays Nov. 17 and 24, and Dec. 1. They are as follows:

1.

1. Sonata, op. 101.....Beethoven
2. { Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2.....Chopin
2. { Study for Pedal Piano, op. 56.....Schumann
- { Etude, op. 10, No. 3.....Chopin
3. Prelude and Fugue, No. 12 from "Well-tempered Clavichord".....Bach
4. Fantaisie, op. 17, ("Durch alle Töne tönet," etc.), Schumann

II.

1. Prelude and Fugue, No. 22 (Well-tempered Clavichord).....Bach
2. Nocturne, op. 21, No. 3.....Schumann
3. Sonata.....Schubert
4. Concerto, F minor, (orch. accomp. for second piano).....Chopin

III.

1. Prel. and Fugue, No. 1,.....Bach
2. Fantasie, op. 49, F minor,.....Chopin
3. Variations Sérieuses,.....Mendelssohn
4. Sonata Appassionata, op. 57.....Beethoven

MR. PERABO's second Matinée next Friday. He will play Preludes and Fugues by Bach; a new Trio by Raff; Quartet for piano and strings by Beethoven; Romanza and Scherzo by J. K. Paine, (piano and 'cello), etc., etc. The Philharmonic Club will assist.

MR. JOHN ORTH, who has made his mark here as a pianist, with the aid of Mr. W. J. WINCH, tenor, will give some matinees next month. The new composers come in for a large share of the programmes: Raff, Tausig, Liszt, etc., for the piano; Jensen and Raff, for the voice.

Music in New York.

NEW YORK, OCT. 23.—Theodore Thomas, whose absence from our city during the summer months has been greatly regretted by all lovers of music, seems determined to make the *amende honorable* for having deserted us for a season. Beginning on Thursday, Oct. 5, he has given, at Steinway Hall, an almost uninterrupted succession of musical evenings, which, although he calls them "Popular Concerts," contain only those elements which are the reverse of that which we were accustomed to consider as popular music. It may be, however, that this is a misnomer in appearance rather than in reality, and that Mr. Thomas gives this title to his soirees in simple recognition of the great change which he [he alone?] has brought about in the musical taste of the community. A few years ago no one would have dreamed of offering an orchestral work of Schubert's as an attraction to secure a large audience. The majority of concert-goers then would have preferred Spohr's "Consecration of Sound" to the Symphony in C. But last year at the Garden concerts a "Schubert Night" meant a crowded house and a delighted audience. Mr. Thomas has not popularized the music, but he has educated the people and refined their taste by constantly (?) placing before them that which is refining and elevating. I have attended but one of these concerts, but the programme of this will show the quality of all. The selections offered at this concert were taken entirely from the works of Mendelssohn, beginning of course with the breezy, romantic and altogether lovely Symphony in A minor. This was followed by the aria, "Infelice," which was very well sung by Miss Henrietta Beebe. Following this came the first movement of the Violin Concerto in E minor, so well played by Mr. S. E. Jacobsen that the omission of the remainder was a matter to regret. Miss Anna Drasil sang "The

Voices of Youth" with, it seemed to me, an exaggeration of sentiment, which however was loudly applauded.

Those who have heard Mr. S. B. Mills play the G-minor Concerto for piano and orchestra (most of us have enjoyed that privilege) know that he gives us a performance with which, on the score of brilliancy, correctness, taste and finish, it is impossible to find fault. The second part of the concert began with this work, and Mr. Mills played it with his usual success, but with characteristic imperturbability. Those who have heard this Concerto played by Rubinstein or by Clara Schumann, know that there are more things in it than are dreamed of in the philosophy of Mr. Mills; but there is nothing else to be said against a performance which is in a high degree finished and artistic.

The duet: "I would that my love," (Mises Beebe and Drasdil), and the Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" brought the concert to a close.

I enclose programmes of some of the other concerts also.

II. Beethoven Night, Oct. 5.

Overture—Leonore, No. 3.
Arietta—"In questa tomba."
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Concerto for Piano—No. 5. E flat.
Mme. Madeline Schiller.
Songs from Op. 48—Nos. 6 and 7. "An dir allein."
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Symphony—No. 5. C minor.

III. Popular Night, Oct. 6.

Overture, Ali Baba (first time).....Cherubini
Aria—"In diesen hell'gen Hallen".....Mozart
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Allegretto, 8th Symphony.....Beethoven
Aria, "O, Fatima," (A. u. Hassan).....Weber
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Fantasie on Hungarian Airs, Piano and Orch.,.....Liszt
Mme. Madeline Schiller.
Grand Centennial Inauguration March.....Wagner
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," new.....Georges Bizet
1. Prelude. 2. Minuet. 3. Adagietto.
4. Carillon.
Aria, "O, ruddier than the cherry".....Handel
(Arise and Galatea).
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Traumerel.....Schumann
Serenade.....Haydn
Cavatina, "O mio Fernando" (Favorita),.....Donizetti
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini

IV. Grand Matinée, Oct. 7.

Overture—"Consecration of the House"—Op. 124,
Beethoven
Recitative, "And God said, Let the waters,"
Aria—"Rolling in foaming billows,".....Haydn
Creation.....Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Adagio—Ingeborg's Lament,
Scherzo—Elves of Light and Frost Giants,
Symphony: Frithjof.....Hofmann
Krakovic—Rondo de Concert, Piano and Orch.,.....Chopin
Madame Madeline Schiller.
Grand Centennial Inauguration March.....Wagner
Suite, L'Arlesienne, new.....Georges Bizet
Aria—"I'm a Roamer" (Son and Stranger),.....Mendelssohn
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Traumerel.....Schumann
Serenade.....Haydn
Marcher.....Raff
Mme. Madeline Schiller.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2.....Liszt
Orchestra.

VIII. Second Matinée, Oct. 14.

Overture—Fingal's Cave.....Mendelssohn
Andante Cantabile—Op. 97.....Beethoven
[Adapted for Orchestra by Liszt.]
Aria—"Per pietà, non rievocare".....Mozart
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Concerto, Piano and Orch.—F minor, op. 21.....Chopin
Larghetto and Finale.
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Symphonic Poem—"Phaeton".....Saint-Saëns
Overture—Oberon.....Weber
Nachtgesang.....Voigt
Sicilienne.....Boccherini
String Orchestra.
Piano Solo—a, Soirée de Vienne.....Schubert-Liszt
6, Spinning Song, Flying Dutchman, Wagner-Liszt
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Romanse—"Non conosci," (Mignon).....Thomas
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Funeral March of a Marionette.....Gounod
Introduction,
Nuptial Chorus, } 3d act Lohengrin.....Wagner
March Tempo, }

These concerts will continue during part of the present week, this evening being a Beethoven night, and Wednesday evening (last concert) a Wagner night, with selections from the *Nibelungen-Ring*.

For the first Symphony concert, the following pieces are in rehearsal:

Symphony, No. 8, in F.....Beethoven
Fantasia in C, op. 16.....Schubert
Mme. Madeline Schiller.
Dramatic Symphony: Romeo and Juliet.....Berlioz
Orchestra, Chorus and Solos.

The Philharmonic Society, has in rehearsal the first act of *Die Walküre*, which they will perform at their first concert. A.A.C.

Worcester County Musical Association.

The nineteenth annual Festival of this well known Association began its rehearsals Monday morning, Oct. 2d, with very good attendance, increasing in numbers from day to day, until the chorus numbered fully five hundred at the closing concert. The Festival, taking place two weeks earlier than usual, allowed the engaging of artists that could not have been obtained after that week. The numbers attending the festival, both as visitors and in the chorus, insured the management against failure financially, and they are apparently striving to place the Association on a similar footing with those of Europe.

This year there were only two matinees, bringing the number of concerts to six. The principal features of the matinees, was the singing of the "Select Chorus." The Monday matinee gave the "Ave Maria" from Mendelssohn's "Lorely," and the "The Chorus of Houris" from Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" (for female voices), Miss E. J. Sumner taking the solos. At Tuesday's matinee, the same "Chorus" (mixed voices) gave the "Finale" from "Lorely," solos by Miss Jennie Patrick.

The first concert (Historical) took place Wednesday P.M., the programme showing a composition of several of the classical authors from the days of J. S. Bach, A.D. 1685, to those of Chopin, A.D. 1849. Mr. Allen deserves great credit for arranging and carrying to a successful close this very interesting and instructive concert, and for the success of the "select chorus," at the matinees and concert.

Of the second concert, the first part was miscellaneous. The soloists were Miss Mary Stone, Mrs. Flora E. Barry, Messrs. J. C. Collins, and W. H. Macdonald of Boston. Miss Stone sang very nicely Donizetti's Cavatina "Regnava nel silenzio." The concert closed with Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the solos taken by the above named singers.

The third and fourth concerts were miscellaneous. The English Glee Club sang, as only their Club can. At the third, Thursday P.M., Mr. W. H. Merrifield played very well the "Fantasia on themes from Rigoletto" by Liszt. The chorus sang the "Centennial Hymn" of J. K. Paine; "Hymn for Soprano solo and chorus" by Mr. B. D. Allen, (solo sung by Miss E. C. Nason); and "To Thee, O Country," by Eichberg. At the fourth, Thursday evening, Miss C. L. Kellogg appeared with the Glee Club. Miss Kellogg sang well, considering it was a provincial town; but her continual instruction of the pianist (in the encore song), distinctly heard half way across the hall, was perhaps consistent with the woman, but was not appreciated by the musical audience present.

The fifth, (Symphony) concert, with the Germania Orchestra, Zerrahn, conductor, was extremely long (two hours and a half). The entire Heroic Symphony of Beethoven was given, and was too much for one time. Miss Matilda Phillips sang admirably. Mr. John Orth was the pianist. The overture "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," by Mendelssohn, was the most pleasing and enjoyable performance.

Sixth concert, Oratorio of "Joshua," Handel, on Friday night. Soloists, Miss Clara Doria, Miss Matilda Phillips and Mr. J. F. Winch of Boston, Mr. J. R. Nilsen, Tenor, of New York. For the time allowed in learning an Oratorio, it was well given. All the solos by Miss Doria and Mr. Winch were rendered in a very artistic manner. It was Miss Phillips's debut in Oratorio singing, and was a decided success, except that in the closing of the Aria: "Heroes, when with glory burning," the tones were disagreeably harsh, which is not usually the case with her. Mr. Nilsen, from commencing well, ended finely, receiving hearty applause from all, by his singing the air, "With redoubled rage return." The choruses were sung well as a whole. "See the conquering hero comes" received an encore.

This has been without doubt the most successful festival yet held here, both financially and musically. The receipts were between \$4500 and \$5000. Great credit is due to the management for such success; also to the conductors, Messrs. Zerrahn and Allen, for their competent and thorough work. S.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sacred Quartets. Arranged from Abt, Mendelssohn and others. Each 40

No. 1. My Opening Eyes. F. 3. F to G.

No. 2. See from Zion's. F. 3. d to g.

No. 3. There is a Land. A. 3. E to g.

There will be more of these, forming a pleasing variety for choirs.

Three Sacred Quartets. *Havens*. Each 30

No. 1. The Lord is in his holy Temple.

F. 3. E to F.

No. 2. Jesus, Lover of my Soul. Eb. 3.

d to E.

No. 3. Trisagion. "Therefore with

Angels." Db. 4. d to D.

These are fine quartets of a Choral, classical nature, with organ accompaniment, and with arrangement of stops indicated. Can be safely commended.

She's a Rosy, She's a Posy. C. 3. c to F. Bishop. 35

"She's a berry; She's a cherry."

Very lively and comic. Ends with a dance.

The Woman who stole my Heart. G minor. Porter. 30

d to E.

"Her face is as fair as the Calla flower,

Her hair a golden hue."

All the words are as pretty as the above, and the melody is very neat and taking.

A knot of Blue and Grey. Ab. E to F. Bishop. 35

"Each fought for what he deemed the right,

And fell with sword in hand."

The right kind of Union song, containing thoughts we all alike feel.

Drifting Apart. Song and Chorus. G. 3. Keens. 30

d to D.

"For the cold, cruel words that were spoken,

Drift us farther and farther apart."

Sad sentiments, truly, but beautiful music, which may check the "drifting" of some who hear it.

Instrumental.

Polo Waltz. F. 3. Battersby. 35

A good hearty waltz.

Hill-Side Quadrille. 2. } Winner. each 30

Chimney Corner Reverie. C. 2. }

Wood Shade Waltz. F. 2. }

Belong to Winner's "Golden Grains," of which there are 18 pieces, all easy and pretty.

Echoes of the Surf. Valse de Salon. C. 3. Elson. 40

A very graceful title for a brilliant and graceful composition. Play it as a memento of summer sea-side rambles.

First Battalion March. G. 3. Head. 35

Difficult springs in the left hand, for which it is fine practice. Otherwise easy.

Heart and Arm Mazurka. F. 3. Ward. 40

A bright mazurka of considerable variety.

Wagner's Select Compositions. With portrait.

No. 1. Album Leaf. (Albumblatt.) Eb. 4. 50

The first of a number of elegant arrangements from the now famous works of Wagner. Good portrait.

Revival March. D. 3. Sousa. 35

Introduces the beautiful "Sweet Bye and Bye," in a manner which perfectly delights the hearer.

Album for Organists. By Eugene Thayer.

No. 5. Variations on God Save the King. Fisher. 75

C.

No. 7. Two Canons on a Choral Theme. Haupt. 60

A.

No. 8. Variations on "Sicilian Hymn." Thayer. 60

F.

These first-class pieces will be of the 6th or the 7th degree of difficulty, according to the "pedal skill" of the performer. For manuals and pedals, and carefully marked for changes of stops. The variations, (and perhaps the others) would be "popular" voluntaries.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 3. c to E" means

"Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter. c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

